

# THE GRAND RIVER TIMES.

VOLUME 1.

GRAND HAVEN, MICHIGAN, WEDNESDAY, JULY 23. 1851.

NUMBER 3.

## THE GRAND RIVER TIMES

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING, BY  
BARNES & ANGEL.

Office over H. Griffin's Store, Washington Street.  
TERMS.—Payment in Advance.  
Taken at the office, or forwarded by Mail, \$1.00.  
Delivered by the Carrier in the Village, 1.50.  
One shilling in addition to the above will be  
charged for every three months that payment is  
delayed.

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are  
paid, except at the discretion of the publishers.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:  
One Square, (12 lines or less,) first insertion, fifty  
cents, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent  
insertion. Legal advertisements at the rates pre-  
scribed by law. Yearly or monthly advertisements  
as follows:

1 square 1 month, \$1.00. 1 square 1 year, \$5.00.  
1 " 3 " 2.00. 1 column 1 " 20.00.  
1 " 6 " 3.00. 1 " 1 month, 5.00.

Advertisements unaccompanied with writ-  
ten or verbal directions, will be published until or-  
dered out, and charged for. When a postponement  
is added to an advertisement, the whole will be  
charged the same as for the first insertion.  
Letters relating to business, to receive at-  
tention, must be addressed to the publishers—post  
paid.

Particular attention given to Blank Print-  
ing. Most kinds of Blanks in use, will be kept  
constantly on hand.

## BUSINESS DIRECTORY—1851.

**BALL & MARTIN**, Storage, Forwarding and  
Commission Merchants. Grand Rapids, Michi-  
gan.

**GILBERT & CO.**, Storage, Forwarding and  
Commission Merchants, and dealers in Produce,  
Lumber, Shingles, Staves &c., &c. Grand Ha-  
ven, Michigan.

**F. B. GILBERT**, Dealer in Dry Goods, Cloth-  
ing, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Crockery  
and Stone Ware, Hardware, Groceries, Provis-  
ions and Ship Stores. Grand Haven, Michigan.

**HENRY GRIFFIN**, Dealer in Staple and fancy  
Dry Goods, Ready made Clothing, Boots and  
Shoes, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery and Glass,  
Drugs, Chemicals, Medicines, Paints and Oils,  
and Provisions. Also, Lumber, Shingles, &c. &c.  
Opposite the Washington House, Grand Haven,  
Michigan.

**WILLIAM M. FERRY**, Dealer in Dry Goods,  
Hardware, Groceries, Provisions, Crockery, Med-  
icines, Boots and Shoes. Also, Manufacturer and  
dealer in Lumber. Water street, Grand Haven,  
Michigan.

**HOPKINS & BROTHERS**, Storage Forwarding  
& Commission merchants; general dealers in all  
kinds of Dry Goods, Groceries, grain and provis-  
ions; manufacturers and dealers wholesale and  
retail in all kinds of lumber, at Mill Point, Mich.

**L. M. S. SMITH**, Dealer in Drugs, Medicines,  
Paints, Oils and Dye Stuffs, Dry Goods, Groc-  
eries and Provisions, Crockery, Hardware, Books,  
Stationery, &c., &c. At the Post Office, corner  
of Park and Barber streets, Mill Point, Mich.

**H. D. C. TUTTLE**, M. D. Office, adjoining  
Wm. M. Ferry's Store, Water street, Grand Ha-  
ven, Michigan.

**STEPHEN MONROE**, Physician and Surgeon.  
Office over J. T. Davis' Tailor Shop. Wash-  
ington Street, Grand Haven.

**LEVI SHACKLETON**, Wholesale and Retail  
dealer in Groceries, Provisions and Liquors.—  
First door above H. Pennoyer's, Washington  
Street, Grand Haven, Michigan.

**SIMON SIMENOE**, Dealer in Groceries and  
Provisions. Washington Street, second door  
East of the Ottawa House.

**OTTAWA HOUSE**, By HENRY PENNOYER.—  
This House is well fitted and furnished, and the  
proprietor is confident that visitors will find ac-  
commodations agreeable, and terms satisfactory.

**WASHINGTON HOUSE**, By EUGENE L. OS-  
GOOD. The proprietors have the past Spring  
newly fitted and partly re-furnished this House,  
and feel confident visitors will find the House  
to compare favorably with the best in the State.

**WILLIAM TELL HOTEL**, By HARRY EA-  
TON. Pleasantly situated with excellent rooms  
well furnished, and the table abundantly sup-  
plied with the luxuries and substantial of life.

**JAMES PATTERSON**, Painter and Glazier.  
House, Sign, and Ornamental Painting done at  
Grand Haven. All orders will be promptly at-  
tended to, by leaving word at this office. Shop at  
Grand Rapids, Michigan.

**WILLIAM ORIEL**, Boot and Shoemaker.—  
Boots and Shoes neatly repaired, and all orders  
promptly attended to. Washington street, Grand  
Haven, Michigan.

**A. H. VREDENBURG**, Boot and Shoemaker.  
Shop over Wm. M. Ferry's store, Water street.

**CHARLES W. HATHAWAY**, Blacksmith. All  
kinds of work in my line done with neatness and  
dispatch at my shop. Mill Point, Michigan.

**JOHN T. DAVIS**, Merchant Tailor. Shop on  
Washington Street, first door west of H. Griffin's  
Store.

**GROSVENOR REED**, Prosecuting Attorney for  
Ottawa County. Residence at Charlestown  
Landing, Allendale, Ottawa County, Mich.

**HOYT G. POST**, Clerk of Ottawa County. Of-  
fice over H. Griffin's store, opposite the Wash-  
ington House.

**WILLIAM N. ANGEL**, Register of Deeds, and  
Notary Public for Ottawa County. Office over  
H. Griffin's store, Washington street, opposite the  
Washington House, Grand Haven.

**HENRY PENNOYER**, Treasurer of Ottawa  
County. Office at the Ottawa House, corner of  
Washington and Water streets.

**ASA A. SCOTT**, Sheriff of Ottawa County.—  
Office over H. Griffin's store, opposite the Wash-  
ington House.

**HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE**—The subscri-  
ber intending to leave Grand Haven, offers at  
a bargain his house and lot, fronting the river,  
on the high ground South of Eaton's Hotel, and  
commanding a fine view of the river and lake  
Michigan. The property including the Ball Alley  
adjoining, is well calculated for a public house, or  
boarding establishment, and with little expense can  
be made to accommodate as many travelers or  
boarders as any in the place—a clear title given.  
For terms which will be very low, apply to the  
subscriber, or at this office.  
Grand Haven. [11.] W. W. KANOUSE.

**LEMON SUGAR**—A superior article, making a  
delicious beverage, these hot days—manufac-  
tured and for sale at the Mill Point Cash Store, by  
[12.] L. M. S. SMITH.

## THE WINE CUP.

BY MRS. C. M. SAWYER.

Dash down the sparkling cup! Its gleam,  
Like the pale corpse light o'er the tomb,  
Is but a false deceitful beam,  
To lure thee onward to thy doom.  
The sparkling gleam will fade away,  
And round thy lost bewildered feet,  
Mid darkness, terror and dismay,  
The ghastly shapes of death will meet.

Dash down the cup! a poison sleeps,  
In every drop thy lips would drain.  
To make thy life-blood seethe and leap,  
A fiery flood, through every vein—  
A fiery flood that will efface  
By slow degrees thy god-like mind,  
'Till 'mid its ashes, not a trace  
Of reason shall be left behind.

Dash down the cup! a serpent starts  
Beneath the flowers that crown its brim,  
Whose deadly fangs will strike thy heart,  
And make thy flashing eye grow dim!  
Before whose hot and maddening breath—  
More fatal than the simoon blast—  
Thy manhood in unhonored death,  
Will sink a worthless wreck at last.

Dash down the wine cup! thy father stand,  
And plead in accents deep and low;  
Thine anguished mother clasps her hands,  
With quivering lips and wordless woe.  
They who have borne thee on their breast,  
And shielded thee through many a year;  
Oh, would'st thou make their bosoms blest,  
Their life a joy—their pleading hear!

Dash down the cup! thy young wife kneels;  
Her eyes, whose drops have often gushed,  
Are turned with mute and soft appeal,  
Upon thy babe in slumber hushed.  
Dost thou not woo her in thy youth,  
With many a fond and solemn vow?  
Oh, turn again, and all her truth  
And love shall be rewarded now!

Dash down the cup! and on thy brow,  
Though darkened o'er with many a stain,  
Thy manhood's light so feeble now,  
Shall bright and steady torch again.  
Thy strength shall, like the faded bird,  
From its own ashes upward spring!  
And fountains in thy breast be stirred;  
Whose waters living joys shall bring!

## LITTLE THINGS.

THE INDEX OF CHARACTER.

Those trifling acts which show consideration  
for others, where neglect might perhaps pass un-  
observed, but to which true kindness will  
prompt, are better tests of real goodness of  
heart than courtesy of manners in society, or  
deeds of public charity which may spring from  
a desire of approval. This genuine benevo-  
lence is more clearly observable in the deport-  
ment of the neglected, or, when shown in a  
solitude for the guilty, where its manifestation  
may bring censure rather than eulogy. I re-  
member an instance which illustrates what seem-  
ing trifles are, sometimes, true indications of character.

A few years since in traveling, it chanced that  
I spent the night at the house of some friends  
of my mother, who were previously strangers  
to me. The time of my arrival proved rather  
an unpropitious one for a first visit. A general  
house-cleaning was in progress, and the good  
lady of the house was fearful there was not a  
place in it fit for me to sleep in. It was even-  
ing when I arrived, and operations had been  
suspended for the time; but everything was in  
confusion.

Much fatigued, and suffering from a severe  
pain in my head, I retired at an early hour.—  
The room assigned me for the night, was the  
same to be occupied by the two daughters of  
my hostess, whom, as they had gone out with  
some young companions for a moonlight walk,  
I had not seen. A portion of the furniture of  
the apartment had been removed, but the nice  
bed that had been placed there for temporary  
convenience, was so fresh and neat, and its de-  
licious softness so grateful to my frame, worn  
by long journeying, that, despite my weariness  
and pain, I soon fell asleep.

I was awakened from a pleasant dream by  
the sound of voices below stairs. The sisters  
had returned from their walk, and I heard their  
mother announce to them my arrival.

Again I fell into a slumber, and was aroused  
by some one in the room. On opening my eyes  
I saw a figure leaving my bedside, which, I sup-  
posed, to be one of the young ladies who had  
been taking a peep at me in my sleep, as she  
proceeded to the other bed, and I heard her pre-  
paring for rest. Pain forced me to close my  
eyes again; but how do you think I was en-  
abled to decide, and correctly, upon the disposi-  
tions of these two girls without seeing their  
faces, or hearing them speak or word—or, but  
one; and how, on the next morning, I knew,  
just by looking at them, which retired first?  
It was simply in this way. When the first who  
entered the room left my bedside, she went to  
her own, and, drawing to her chair, she took off  
her heavy walking shoes, and, throwing them  
to a little distance, they met the uncarpeted  
floor with a concussion which made me start.—  
I then heard her go to the closet, near her bed,  
and commence rummaging among its contents,  
apparently for some missing article. Then open-  
ing the door of the apartment, she called "Fran-  
ces," but, her sister not hearing, she closed it  
heavily, and jumping into bed, drew a stand to  
head, and appeared to be busied in read-  
ing for a few moments; then she extinguished  
the light, and her breathing soon indicated that  
she slept.

Now these things, slight as they might seem,  
jagged very disagreeably on my feelings; the  
more so, from my peculiar state of mind—not  
merely the sounds themselves, but the want of  
sensitivity they implied, which, I thought, would  
instinctively prompt the noiseless step and gen-  
tle hand, when in the apartment of the weary  
who are seeking rest. While these thoughts  
were passing in my mind, for I was now thor-  
oughly awakened, the other sister entered the  
room.

Gently closing the door, she slipped off her  
shoes at the threshold, and going on tip-toe to  
the bedside, she softly whispered, "Mary!" but  
her sister was sleeping, and she soon carefully  
took her place at her side.

"Mary," I said to myself—'tis a sweet name,  
but, I fear she is not as gentle—for I felt that  
a person's real disposition is more clearly re-  
vealed, in their unguarded moments, and in tri-

bles, than where it would be more conspicuous.  
But Frances—I felt assured I should find her  
amiable. What a soothing influence had her  
gentleness upon my nerves, which had been dis-  
turbed by the carelessness manifested by her  
sister! In the morning, when I awoke, the sun  
was shining full into the chamber, and the young  
ladies had nearly finished their toilet. I re-  
cognized Frances at a glance; there was a soft-  
ness and sensibility in the expression of her  
eyes which spoke a gentle, loving spirit; and  
a long after acquaintance confirmed the conclu-  
sion I formed concerning her from the slight  
circumstances of that night. I found her al-  
ways kind and considerate for the comfort and  
happiness of others, ever avoiding, with deli-  
cacy and tact, trespassing on the rights, or wound-  
ing the feelings of any one by word or act.—  
Mary, on the contrary, was one of those per-  
sons with whom, without really designing any  
unkindness, self is so predominant, as to be the  
centre of all their thoughts and actions, but to  
whom the slight sacrifices they make seem so  
great, that they imagine, no one steps aside so  
much for others as themselves.

[Arthur's Home Gazette.]

**THE FAMILY ALTAR AND ITS INFLUENCE.**—  
At no time does the family below present to my  
mind so faithful and striking a type of a family  
above, as when with one accord they have met  
in one place, to offer united praise to the father  
of mercies. True it is with this, as every illu-  
stration of life in that better country, much im-  
perfection is mingled. A large share of devo-  
tional exercises consist of confession of sin, and  
supplication for strength against the time of  
temptation; besides which wandering thoughts  
and the fatigue of jaded spirits, too often mar  
our worship and render our solemn service vain.  
Yet nevertheless the family has been repeated-  
ly used by God himself as an emblem of his tri-  
umphant church; and scarcely could one have  
been selected which would appeal so forcibly,  
because so sweetly, to the hearts of all men, in  
all ages.

I have been led to these remarks by review-  
ing some of the occurrences of a varied life, and  
contemplating the vast power the domestic al-  
tar retained over me in my youth, even when far  
removed from the place of its erection.

The residence of my father was inland and  
remote from facilities for acquiring education.  
After mature reflection my parents consented  
that I should follow the bent of my own in-  
clination, and seek such advantages in a distant  
city.

The history of my first years was similar to  
that of many ambitious youths. I was acquir-  
ing a knowledge of men and manners, but the  
narration how is not material.

About this time a fit of sickness rendered it  
necessary for me to seek maternal care, under  
whose blessed influence health soon returned.  
The day before I again left home, to plunge more  
extensively than I had hitherto done, into the  
whirl of business, I was sitting by my mother,  
and pouring into her willing ear some account of  
my cares and annoyances. She heard me pa-  
tiently, and when I had concluded my story put  
her arm around my neck, and kissed my forehead  
and said, "My son—my dear son, never think  
yourself forgotten by us. Your father mentions  
your name night and morning."

I understood this perfectly. From my earliest  
infancy I had heard the fervent petitions of-  
fered at such times for the temporary absent  
one, and now as I was going out into the world  
—perhaps never to return—the remembrances  
of this circumstance were a comfort to me. I  
knew the paths of youth were slippery, for I had  
seen sufficient of the world, even in a year to be  
well aware of the fact, and in some degree real-  
ized the privilege of being so remembered.

Years rolled on—business nearly engrossed  
the whole of my secular time, but I never forgot  
my mother's impressive speech. Occasionally,  
anxiously would I think of my father's earnest  
petition, offered for me that morning, and its  
strength granted, in answer to it, rise beside the  
trial, if not immediately victorious over it.—  
Sometimes pleasure would lure by her syren  
voice to a participation in unholy amusements,  
but the charm was powerless when I thought of  
my father's prayer.

I have been young, and now am old, yet those  
words still ring in my ears, and influence my  
conduct. The lips which then supplicated for  
me have exchanged supplications for everlasting  
praises; yet, in times of sorrow and perplexity,  
I feel my mother's lips on my fevered brow, and  
her words are a cordial to my heart. In times  
of joy and prosperity I remember them and they  
act as a moderating agency to the sanguine rest-  
lessness of ambition.

Parents! throw around the hearts of your  
children a similar indestructible chain. At the  
family altar teach them by suitable petitions that  
you sympathize with them in their feeble at-  
tempt to do right; there, let confession be made  
for family sins, and grateful praise returned for  
family mercies; then may you hope for a re-un-  
ion with your dispersed families in a better  
country, even a heavenly. [Family Journal.]

**ENEMIES.**—Have you any enemies? go straight  
on, and mind them not. If they block up your  
path, walk around them, and do your duty re-  
gardless of their spite. A man who has no en-  
emies is seldom good for anything; he is made  
of that kind of material which is so easily work-  
ed, that every one has a hand in it. A sterling  
character—one who thinks for himself, and  
speaks what he thinks—is always sure to have  
enemies. They are as necessary as fresh air;  
they keep him alive. A celebrated character,  
who was surrounded with enemies, used to re-  
mark—"They are sparks which, if you do not  
blow, will go out of themselves. Let this be  
your feeling while endeavoring to live down the  
scandal of those who are bitter against you.

"I tell you Susan, that I will commit suicide  
if you won't have me."

"Well, John, as soon as you have given me  
that proof of your affection, I will believe that  
you love me."

Redeem time for study, the busiest man can  
spare some moments.

## A GENTLE WORD.

Speak gently to the little child,  
Its love be sure to gain;  
Teach it in accents soft and mild.

Well would it be, if all who have the care of  
children could remember to speak "gently to  
the little child." My precious mother died when  
I was six years of age, and though long and  
weary years have gone by, and I have seen  
changes sad and many, yet a little incident of  
my childhood, some two years previous to  
her death, will never be erased from memory's  
page. I had, one Sabbath morning, been taken  
to church by an elderly lady, who resided with  
us, my mother being ill to go out. I remem-  
ber that it was the season of Christmas, and  
the little church of L— was gaily decorated  
with wreaths of evergreen. Directly I began  
playing with the spruce and myrtle which hung  
near our pew, and despite the angry looks and  
whispered reprimand of my friend, I kept on  
plucking the leaves, and throwing them all  
about, until at last, madcap as I was, I put some  
of the dried pieces in the foot-stove, to make a  
smoke! Service being ended, my attendant  
twitched me along through the aisle, and ob-  
served, when we reached the door, "Now, you  
wicked child, I shall take you to mamma, and  
she must whip you." I made no reply, for con-  
science told me that I deserved it well.

We reached home, and I was taken to my  
mother's chamber, and the whole scene is as  
vividly before my mind as though it passed but  
yesterday. My mother was seated in her easy  
chair, supported by pillows, "while fatal beau-  
ty mantled on her cheek." The sweet smile,  
with which she greeted my entrance, faded from  
her lips as she heard the recital of my misdeeds.  
After a moments pause, she begged to be left  
alone with me, when drawing me to her bosom,  
she laid her soft hand upon my head, and the  
tones of her loving voice, oh! how did they  
sink into my soul, as she said, "You have grieved  
your poor sick mamma!" I felt her tears  
upon my cheek; there was no need to say more;  
I clung to her arms and sobbed as though my  
heart would break. Her gentle words had done  
what punishment, in my case, could not have ef-  
fected. This little incident, so trifling in itself,  
why has it so impressed my mind? Why do I,  
to this day, so feel the hallowed influence of  
those loving tones?

I have been a wanderer "o'er the world's wide  
waste," yet early home, and the lessons learned,  
still linger at my heart—perhaps influence my  
daily life. All, all is changed; strangers now  
inhabit the spot so dear to my memory:

"Children not thine have trod my nursery floor."  
To what strange, mysterious influence is it  
owing, that amid the "world's wide strife," a  
gentle word, an affectionate look, has never  
been forgotten.

**EDUCATION.**—An education is a young man's  
capital; for a well-informed intelligent mind, has  
the best assurance of future competency and  
happiness. A father's best gift to a child, then,  
is a good education. If you leave the wealthy,  
you may assure their ruin; and at best, you  
only leave that which at any moment may be  
lost. If you leave them with a cultivated heart,  
affections trained to objects of love and excel-  
lence, a mind vigorous and enlarged, finding hap-  
piness pure and elevated in the pursuit of knowl-  
edge, you effect an insurance on their after hap-  
piness and usefulness. Unless you bring up  
the young mind in this way, you cannot, with  
any justice, claim for its possessor independence.  
Your children must be virtuous or they will not  
desire it. They must be intelligent to have in-  
telligent associates, as they must have habits of  
industry and sobriety to make the company of  
the industrious and sober agreeable. It is in  
your power to bestow this virtue, this excel-  
lence, and these golden habits. Present them a  
good model in your own life, and give them ev-  
ery opportunity to cultivate the heart and the  
understanding. Spare not expenses on your  
school, and put into your children's hands every-  
thing that may encourage or assist them in their  
mental or moral improvement.

**MARSHAL TUKEY OF BOSTON.**—Dickens says  
that our country abounds in remarkable men.  
This intended slur expressed nothing more than  
the truth, and of all the men we have ever met,  
we consider Marshal Tukey one of the most re-  
markable.

A few years ago he was the keeper of a ba-  
kery in Salem, then at Charlestown, and finally  
in Boston; but becoming tired of city life, he  
resolved to move out to Cambridge, and open  
an oyster saloon. Going out to that city one  
day for the purpose of hiring a suitable room,  
strayed about the college grounds, and finally,  
out of curiosity, he entered the library of Dane  
college. He gazed upon the busts of all the  
most eminent lawyers and Jurists of the coun-  
try; he saw numbers of students poring over  
books, while others were discussing knotty law  
points, and a new idea entered his head. His  
ambition was set on fire, and he resolved on the  
spot, instead of opening a saloon, to spend all  
he was worth in an attempt to fit himself for  
the practice of law. He requested a student to  
show him the private study of the law instruc-  
tors. This was done, and he was introduced to  
Professor Greenleaf, to whom he explained his  
situation and desires, at the same time asking  
his advice.

Mr. Greenleaf urged him at once to enter the  
law school. In three years he graduated from  
the law department of Harvard University with  
high honors. After a short and successful prac-  
tice of the law in Boston, he received the ap-  
pointment of City Marshal, with a salary of  
two thousand dollars, we believe. He is pro-  
nounced the ablest chief of police they have ev-  
er had in that city, and is unquestionably one of  
their most useful city officers. We should not  
be surprised, at any time, to hear of his appoint-  
ment to a much higher office. [Gar. Trans.]

By different nations, every day of the week is  
set apart for public worship—Sunday, by the  
Christians, Monday by the Greeks, Tuesday by  
the Persians, Wednesday by the Assyrians,  
Thursday by the Egyptians, Friday by the  
Turks, and Saturday by the Jews.

**A RICH STORY.**—Some weeks ago there was  
a gathering of the alumni of Rockland Col-  
lege, Louisiana, when the following hitherto  
unpublished story was told:

A tall, awkward looking chap, just from the  
Green Mountains of Vermont, came on board  
of one of the North River boats at Albany.—  
His curiosity was amazingly excited at once,  
and he commenced "peeking" as he called it  
into every nook and corner on the boat. The  
captain's office, the engine room, the water closets,  
the barber's shop, all underwent his inspection;  
and then he went on deck and stood in amazement at the lever beam, the chimneys and  
the various "fixins," till at last he caught sight  
of the bell. This was the crowning wonder,  
and he viewed it from every position, walked  
around it, and exclaimed:

"Wall, raly, this beats the bell on our meet-  
in' house a great sight."

By this time the attention of the captain and  
several of the passengers was attracted to this  
genius.

"How much would you ask to let a feller  
ring this bell?"

"You may ring it for a dollar, sir," said the  
captain.

"Wall it's a bargain, all fair and agreed, and  
no backing out."

"It's a bargain, sir," said the captain.

Our hero went deliberately and brought a  
seat and took hold of the bell-rope, and having  
arranged everything to his satisfaction, com-  
menced ringing slowly at first, and gradually  
faster and faster, till everybody on board tho't  
the boat was on fire, and rushed on deck scream-  
ing with alarm.

There stood the captain, and there sat the  
"Vermonters," ringing away first slow and then  
fast, and then two or three taps at a time.

The passengers began to expostulate; the  
captain said it was a bargain. But the passen-  
gers became urgent that the eternal clangor  
should be stopped.

All the while there sat our hero undisturbed,  
ringing away more ways than a cockney chime-  
ringer ever dreamt of.

At last the captain began to think it time to  
stop the simpleton; but his answer was "a fair  
bargain, and no backing out," and he rang away  
for dear life.

"Well," says the captain, "what will you  
take to stop?"

"Wall, cap'n, I guess I shant lose nothing  
if I take five dollars and a free passage to New  
York, but not a darn'd cent less."

"Well, walk down to the office and get your  
money and passage ticket," said the captain.

**THE DOOM OF OUR WORLD.**—What this change  
is to be, we dare not even conjecture, but we see  
in the heavens themselves, some traces of de-  
structive elements, and some indications of their  
power. The fragment of broken planets—the  
descent of meteoric stones upon our globe—the  
wheeling comets, welding their loose materials  
at the solar furnace—the volcano eruptions in  
our own satellite—the appearance of new stars,  
and the disappearance of others—are all fore-  
shadows of the impending convulsion to which  
this system of the world is doomed. Thus placed  
on a planet which is to be burnt up, and un-  
der heavens which are to pass away; thus trad-  
ing, as it were, on the cemeteries and dwellings  
upon the mausoleums of former worlds—let us  
learn the lesson of humiliation and wisdom, if  
we have not already been in the school of re-  
velation. [Review.]

**EXCELLENT ADVICE.**—Set a value on the  
smallest morsel of knowledge—these fragments  
are the dust of diamonds.

It is true, as poor Richard says, there is much  
to be done and perhaps you are weak handed—  
but stick to it steadily, and you will see great  
effects, for a constant dropping wears a stone.

A man may learn that in two minutes which  
may be valuable to him all his life.

Learn all you can, and you will live to see its  
value.

Never let slip an opportunity of gaining a new  
idea.

Remember that the beginning of the sublime  
sciences are often so simple as to seem worth-  
less.

**ENERGY.**—Energy is omnipotent. The clouds  
that surround the household boy of to-day are  
dispersed, and he is invited to a palace. It is  
the work of energy. The child who is a beg-  
gar this moment in a few years to come may  
stand forth the admiration of angels! Who has  
not seen the life-giving power of energy? It  
makes the wilderness blossom as the rose,  
whitens the ocean, navigates our rivers, levels  
mountains, paves with iron a highway from  
State to State, and sends messages through from  
one extremity of the land to the other. With-  
out energy what is man? A fool; a clod.

An editor at a dinner table, being asked if he  
would take some pudding, replied, "Owing to a  
crowd of other matter, I shall have to put that  
among the deferred articles."

**REVENGE.**—A momentary triumph, of which  
the satisfaction dies at once, and is succeeded by  
remorse; whereas forgiveness, which is the nob-  
lest of all revenges, a perpetual pleasure.

Man dies but not one of his actions ever dies.  
Each is perpetuated and prolonged forever by  
interminable results, affecting some beings in  
every age to come.

A young man at Niagara, having been cross-  
ed in love, walked out to the precipice, took off  
his clothes, gave one lingering look at the gulf  
beneath him, and—then went home. His body  
was found the next morning in bed.

A young dandy in Broadway lately accosted  
a bellman as follows: "You take all sorts of  
trash in your cart, don't you?" "Yes, jump in."

Don't live in hope with your arms folded.—  
Fortune smiles on those who roll up their  
sleeves, and put their shoulders to the wheel  
that propels them on to wealth and happiness.

Constancy—the foundation of all virtue.